**Writer’s Workshop**

**By: Judy Shockey**

“I’m lost!” I cried. “Please help me!”

Creativity I have none.

Markers, scissors, paper I see.

Out the door I want to run.

Creativity I have none.

That gene for others reserved.

Out the door I want to run.

Such torture is never deserved.

That gene for others reserved.

And they smugly write and create.

Such torture is never deserved.

But my mind is an empty slate.

And they smugly write and create.

As I envy their effortless flow.

But my mind is an empty slate.

My anxiety they’ll never know.